



# VOLUNTEER GRAIN

---

FRANCIS F. BROWNE

S 1144

B5 V6

895

opy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 1144  
Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf: 135 V6  
1895

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





Volunteer Grain

*One hundred and sixty copies printed from type,  
of which one hundred and fifty are for sale.*

# Volunteer Grain

By

Francis F. Browne

Chicago

Way & Williams

MDCCCXCV



H1103 AW

**COPYRIGHT**

**By WAY & WILLIAMS**

**MDCCCXCV**

*To my Wife and Children*



## VOLUNTEER GRAIN

A FIELD of wavering grain  
Wild grown on some unplanned, unplanted space,  
Owning no fostering grace  
Of husbandry save the free air and rain.

Not the well tended field  
Whose soil, deep mellowed by the ploughman's share,  
Full planted, tilled with care,  
Gladdens the heart with its abundant yield.

But some fortuitous seeds,  
Chance blown, wind scattered, falling by the way,  
Growing as best they may,  
Find soil and sun sufficient to their needs.

And though but little rife  
With golden grain, or flowers that grow between,  
This slender sheaf I glean  
From the unplanted acres of my life.



## Contents

	PAGE
UNDER THE BLUE	11
VANQUISHED	13
SANTA BARBARA	16
THE MESSAGE FROM JUDEA	18
RETROGRESSION	22
BUGLE-ECHOES	26
DEAD BEYOND THE SEA	27
MATTHEW ARNOLD	31
INFRIUTION	33
BRYANT'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY	35
ON AN UNFORTUNATE LOVER	38
THE DEATH OF LONGFELLOW	40
IDEALS	43
CARCASSONNE	49

## Contents

	PAGE
BALLAD OF BOOKS UNBORN	53
TO THE AUTHOR OF 'OLD-WORLD IDYLLS'	55
A POET AND HIS INTERVIEWER	56
GREETING TO LOWELL	58
WELCOME THE PRESIDENT	64
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	66
THE WICKED FISHERMAN	68
VISTAS	70

## UNDER THE BLUE

THE skies are low, the winds are slow,  
The woods are filled with Autumn glory ;  
The mists are still on field and hill,  
The brooklet sings its dreamy story.

I careless rove through glen and grove ;  
I dream by hill and copse and river ;  
Or in the shade by aspen made  
I watch the restless shadows quiver.

I lift my eyes to azure skies  
That shed their tinted glory o'er me ;  
While memories sweet around me fleet,  
As radiant as the scene before me.

## Under the Blue

For while I muse upon the hues  
Of Autumn skies in splendor given,  
Sweet thoughts arise of rare deep eyes  
Whose blue is like the blue of heaven.

Bend low, fair skies! Smile sweet, fair eyes!  
From radiant skies rich hues are streaming;  
But in the blue of pure eyes true  
The radiance of my life is beaming.

O skies of blue! ye fade from view;  
Faint grow the hues that o'er me quiver;  
But the sure light of sweet eyes bright  
Shines on forever and forever.

## VANQUISHED

[DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT]

### I.

Not by the ball or brand  
Sped by a mortal hand,  
Not by the lightning stroke  
When fiery tempests broke, —  
Not mid the ranks of War  
Fell the great Conqueror.

### II.

Unmoved, undismayed,  
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade;  
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,  
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed  
not,

## Vanquished

Steel nerve, iron form,—  
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the  
storm.

### III.

While the Hero peaceful slept  
A foeman to his chamber crept;  
Lightly to the slumberer came,  
Touched his brow and breathed his name:  
O'er the stricken form there past  
Suddenly an icy blast.

### IV.

The Hero woke: rose undismayed:  
Saluted Death, and sheathed his blade.

### V.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields  
To a mightier Conqueror yields;

## Vanquished

No mortal foeman's blow  
Laid the great Soldier low;  
Victor in his latest breath—  
Vanquished but by Death.

## SANTA BARBARA

BETWEEN the mountains and the sea,  
Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,  
A valley stretches fair and free  
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.

At rest in that fair valley lies  
Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid ;  
Above her head the cloudless skies  
Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her shed  
The splendor of their purple tinge ;  
While round her like a mantle spread  
The blue seas with their silver fringe.

## Santa Barbara

Enfolded in that soothing calm,  
The earth seems sweet, and heaven near;  
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,  
And Summer rules the radiant year.

## THE MESSAGE FROM JUDEA

ACROSS the years and distance wide,  
    Across the continent and the main,  
Through all the changes that divide,  
    The message comes to us again

Of Him who, midst the accusing band  
    That stood the erring one before,  
Stooped down and wrote with sinless hand  
    His law to sinners : *Sin no more.*

Oh, firmer than the sculptured stone  
    That sacred message ever stands,—  
The one line writ by Him alone,  
    Eternal in the shifting sands.

## The Message from Judea

Eternal, though the trampled mould  
Had but a single hour sufficed  
Within its fading shape to hold  
The message of the living Christ.

For glad tongues spread it far and wide,  
And told it o'er and o'er again ;  
And thus it ever shall abide,  
Engraven in the hearts of men.

He loved not sin, yet he forgave  
The doer of the deed abhorred ;  
His justice lifted hands to save,  
Not menaced with a glittering sword.

In laws of love he did descry  
Our frail humanity's best hope ;  
Not in the rule of eye for eye,—  
Not in the axe, the stake, the rope.

## The Message from Judea

O ye who take Christ's name, yet fear  
To follow where he led the way,  
Why should you doubt his precepts clear  
For guidance in your little day?

Think well, amidst your fear or wrath,  
If Christ were with you now, as then,  
Would he approve the doom of death  
Invoked upon your fellow-men?

Oh, if indeed to do his will  
And walk his ways be your desire,  
Seek not to make his good an ill,  
Mercy a cheat, and Christ a liar.

If wrong could ever right a wrong,  
Or life could be by death restored,  
How had the ills the centuries throng  
Been banished from Thy earth, O Lord!

## The Message from Judea

Oh, listen to the gentler voice  
That bids all hate and violence cease ;  
And trust sad Earth may yet rejoice  
Within the blessed reign of peace.

## RETROGRESSION

Oh, let thick mists the earth enshroud,  
And the great sun withdraw his light,  
And fall from every lowering cloud  
The darkness of the elder Night.

Let sea and sky together close,  
Till both commingle into gloom;  
And pitying heaven weep with those  
That follow Freedom to the tomb.

Weep, Nature, for thy perverse child,  
Thy youngest, Man; whose father, Time,  
Dowered him with passions fierce and wild,—  
A heritage from out the slime

## Retrogression

Where his progenitors maintained  
Existence by unceasing strife,  
And slowly through the ages strained  
Their way to higher forms of life,—

Of which, we said, our race and age  
Were the consummate flower and fruit . . .  
Now our old savage heritage  
Asserts in us the latent brute;

And brutal instincts overpower  
Reason's imponderable play,  
And Manhood's finer forces cower  
Before the primal passions' sway.

Whereof the deadliest and the worst  
Is Fear,— the parent-passion vile,  
Of all the hateful brood accurst  
That can the selfish heart defile:

## Retrogression

Fear, Hatred, Wrath, the coward-lust  
Of Vengeance ; Truth discredited,  
Till Justice is no longer just,  
Reason is drunk, and Honor dead ;

And Mercy fears to speak aloud  
The plea that withers on her lips ;  
Pale Pity stands with forehead bowed,  
And Faith's pure star is in eclipse.

Men tremble, and their spirits quail  
Before Opinion's tyrant might ;  
When lower Self bears down the scale,  
The higher Self rejects the right.

And still must rage the horrid feud  
Inherent in our being's law ;  
The arbitry of Bad and Good  
By wager of the tooth and claw.

## Retrogression

Opposing forces up and down  
Shall sway us till the end of time;  
These fit us for an angel's crown,—  
Those drag us backward to the slime.

Oh, well may mists the earth enshroud,  
And the great sun be veiled in gloom,  
And tears fall thick from every cloud,  
When Hope sits dumb by Freedom's  
tomb.

## BUGLE-ECHOES

Across the years, full rounded to a score  
Since Peace, advancing with her olive wand,  
Restored the sunshine to our desolate land,  
Come thronging back the memories of war:  
Again the drums beat and the cannons roar,  
And patriot fires by every breeze are fanned,  
And pulses quicken with a purpose grand,  
As Manhood's forces swell to ampler store.  
Again the camp, the field, the march, the  
strife,

The joy of victory, the bitter pain  
Of wounds and sore defeat; the anguish rife  
In tears that fall for the unnumbered slain,  
And homes where darkened is the light of  
life,—

All these the echoing bugle brings again.

## DEAD BEYOND THE SEA

[G. P. B.]

As a far landscape when the clouds are  
clearing  
Closer to us appears,  
The far-off vistas of my youth seem nearing  
Across a mist of tears.

Glimpses of old familiar scenes are flitting,  
And old familiar faces ;  
And the old schoolroom, and old school-  
mates sitting  
In the old familiar places.

## Dead Beyond the Sea

I roam once more those boyhood realms  
Elysian;

I dream Youth's dreams again,—  
Till I awake; and through the fading vision  
Comes back the bitter pain.

Where are they now, those comrades brave  
and cheery?

Where journey they afar,  
Or rest their wandering feet, grown worn  
and weary,  
In stranger clime, or star?

And where is he, the Friend above all  
others,

For whom I shed these tears?  
Boyhood's companion, tenderest of brothers,  
Loved of my later years!

## Dead Beyond the Sea

In mutual sympathy and aspiration  
Our hearts were ever led . . .

Now among strangers of a foreign nation  
My dearest Friend lies dead.

I have no lack of other friends to cheer me,  
Of sympathy no lack ;  
Yet ever from the kindly faces near me  
My thoughts will wander back.

My children wile me with their innocent  
graces,  
And throng about my knee ;  
But still I gaze beyond their happy faces,  
Across the desolate sea.

Must all the memories of early pleasures  
Be cherished amidst tears ?

## Dead Beyond the Sea

O ruthless Time! give back the plundered  
treasures, —

Give back the vanished years!

I strain dim eyes and stretch weak hands in  
yearning

Across the widening sea

O'er which I nevermore shall see returning  
Youth and my Friend to me.

Tears for the dead ; and for the living, pity;

The Past is past for aye :

My Friend lies dead in that far German city,  
And I am old and gray.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

Not in the meeting of the hands alone,  
Nor ripples of a casual courtesy  
Above the deeps of thought unstirred that  
lie, —  
Not thus, O Master, is your purport  
known  
To those who in your printed pages own,  
More than hand-clasp or meeting eye to eye,  
'A presence that is not to be put by,'  
Speaking more clearly than your voice's  
tone.  
And thus you go not from us in your going;  
Some Tree of Truth, from seed cast by your  
hand,

Matthew Arnold

Green-canopied, shall spread its branches  
wide,  
Its gracious effluence far around bestowing,  
A shadow and refuge in a weary land :  
So shall your living Self with us abide.

## INFRUITION

IN Winter, when we're musing  
On happy days of Spring,—  
On charms that wait our choosing,  
And pleasures quickening,—  
How chill the sunshine glows  
Upon the Wintry snows !

In Springtime, when we're longing  
For brighter days of bloom,—  
Impatient for the thronging  
Of pleasures soon to come,—  
How tender buds are lost  
In Spring's delaying frost !

In Summer, when we're sighing  
For the refreshing rain,—

## Infruition

For blossoms that are dying,  
For pleasures turned to pain,—  
How all our green hopes scorch  
In the blaze of Summer's torch!

In Autumn, when we're grieving  
O'er days of Summer fled,—  
Thinking of joys we're leaving,  
And pleasures that are dead,—  
How cold the gray cloud lies  
Under the Autumn skies!

In the unending seasons  
Of slow revolving years,—  
The faiths that fade in treasons,  
The pleasures tombed in tears,—  
How heavy is the pall  
Of Life, that droops o'er all!

## BRYANT'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

O POET whom our grandsires loved,  
And whom our sires revered and praised,  
Not less do we, — last of the three  
Of generations thou hast graced.

Still in our children's hearts shall chime  
The echoes of thy deathless song ;  
And though we sleep, their love will keep  
Still green thy laurels, worn so long.

So hast thou everlasting life :  
Though nations fade; the poet free  
Shall live ; and still his utterance thrill  
The generations yet to be.

## Bryant's Eightieth Birthday

O patriarch of the poet throng!  
Not simply have thy singer's arts,  
Nor golden store of scholar's lore,  
Endeared thee to the people's hearts.

To think is much, to be is more;  
The first is great, the last is good;  
On thee we place the crowning grace  
Of universal brotherhood.

Thy love for God is love for man,  
And love for God's works, good and fair;  
And not one jot shall be forgot,—  
For Nature knows her worshipper.

The Eastern pines thy love shall sing  
Across the land, to where, profound  
By Western steeps, the wild wave sweeps,  
That, save its dashing, hears no sound.

## Bryant's Eightieth Birthday

The trees thy loving care didst tend  
Shall blossom still ; and still shall run  
The laughing rills among the hills  
And sunny vales of Cummington.

And Roslyn's fields be fair again  
With bloom, as in those marvellous hours  
When thou, thy heart from cares apart,  
Walked lovingly among the flowers.

And Roslyn's woods be all atune  
With birds that warble forth thy name  
In Springtime's green, or Summer's sheen,  
Or in the Autumn's tints of flame.

Sing forth his name, pour out his praise,  
O woods and streams, O birds and flowers !  
Repeat, repeat his numbers sweet ;  
His love and fame are yours and ours.

## ON AN UNFORTUNATE LOVER

WILD spirit of fire, whose flame too fiercely  
burned;

Appointed sufferer, chosen to tread the press  
Whose purple streams pour only bitterness;  
Unhappy lover, whose strong nature yearned  
For the full measure of love its love had  
earned,

And loved too true to be content with  
less,—

Whose life was shattered by his passion's  
stress,

His faiths betrayed, and hopes to ashes  
turned.

Let happy husbands, on wild desolate nights  
When stars are hidden and the tempests  
rave,

## On an Unfortunate Lover

Turning to the fond eyes of trustful wives,  
Think on his hunger for the heart's delights,  
Think with compassion on his lonely grave,  
And think with gratitude on their happier  
lives.

## THE DEATH OF LONGFELLOW

‘O ye dead poets, who are living still,  
Immortal in your verse.’ — LONGFELLOW.

WE mourn for those whose laurels fade,  
Whose greatness in the grave is laid ;  
Whose memory few will care to keep,  
Whose names, forgotten, soon shall sleep ;  
We mourn life’s vainness, as we bow  
O’er folded hands and icy brow.

Dark is the grief of those whose faith  
Is bounded by the shores of Death ;  
From out whose mists of doubt and gloom  
No rainbow arches o’er the tomb  
Where Love’s last tribute of a tear  
Lies with dead flowers upon the bier.

## The Death of Longfellow

O thou revered, beloved ! not yet,  
With funeral bells, with eyes tear-wet,  
With faltering pulses, do we lay  
Thy greatness in the grave away ;  
Not Auburn's consecrated ground  
Can hold the life that wraps thee round.

Still shall thy gentle presence prove  
Its ministry of hope and love ;  
Thy tender tones be heard within  
The story of Evangeline ;  
And by the Fireside, midst the rest,  
Thou oft shalt be a welcome guest.

Again the Mystery shall be clear ;  
The august Tuscan's shade appear ;  
Moved by thy impulse, we shall feel  
New longings for thy high ideal,  
And under all thy forms of art  
Feel beatings of a human heart.

## The Death of Longfellow

As in our dreams we follow thee  
With longing eyes Beyond the Sea,  
We see thee on some loftier height,  
Across whose trembling bridge of light  
Our Voices of the Night are borne,  
Irradiate with the light of morn.

O happy Poet ! Thine is not  
A portion in the common lot :  
Thy works shall follow thee ; thy verse  
Shall still thy living thoughts rehearse ;  
The ages shall to thee belong  
In immortality of Song.

## IDEALS

[SCHILLER]

AND wilt thou, truant-like, thus leave me,  
With all thy visions of delight?  
The joys that soothe, the ills that grieve  
me, —

Will nothing stay their rapid flight?  
Alas, how quick the time is going!  
Youth's precious hours, how fast they flee!  
The waves of Life are swiftly flowing  
Into Eternity's great sea.

The radiance of those suns is banished,  
That lighted once my youthful quest;  
And all the bright ideals are vanished,  
That filled with joy my swelling breast;

## Ideals

And vanished is the sweet confiding  
In forms my fancy did portray :  
Reality, a robber hiding,  
Has made my fairest hopes his prey.

As with a wild resistless passion  
Pygmalion did a stone embrace,  
Till tides of love, in human fashion,  
Suffused the marble's icy face,  
So I, with youthful love's devotion,  
Embraced all Nature as my own ;  
Until she warmed to life and motion,  
My ardent poet breast upon.

And in my fiery ardor sharing,  
• Mute Nature then a language found,  
Returning with a zeal unsparing  
The love that filled my being's bound.

## Ideals

Trees were alive to me, and flowers ;  
Each silvery fall sang soft and low ;  
Quickened to life all Nature's powers,  
From my own being's overflow.

With that celestial rapture swelling,  
My narrow breast a world enclosed ;  
Which strove to burst its bounds, outwelling  
In forms where Beauty's self reposed.  
How glorious seemed the world before me,—  
An opening bud, all fresh and green :  
Alas, how few, as years rolled o'er me,  
And worthless, have its blossoms been !

How upon wings of boldest daring,  
Happy in dreams his fancies yield,  
The youth, undoubting and uncaring,  
Flew eager to Life's stronging field !

## Ideals

Up to the farthest planet burning,  
My striving pinions swept their way ;  
No height could hasten my returning,  
Or bid my ardent purpose stay.

How easy then seemed my advancing !  
Youth's course unhindered swept along ;  
While by Life's chariot blithely dancing  
Appeared a bright celestial throng :  
First, Love, with her sweet compensations ;  
Then, Fortune, with her golden hoard ;  
And Glory, crowned with constellations ;  
And Truth, with sunlight overpoured.

But yet ere half the journey ended,  
That radiant company was gone ;  
Those faces that my way attended,  
Disloyal, left me one by one.

## Ideals

By Fortune was I first deserted ;  
    Wisdom brought Disappointment's ruth ;  
And Doubt's dark cloud hid the averted  
    And sunlit countenance of Truth.

I saw the laurel wreaths of Glory  
    Degraded upon foreheads low ;  
And all too soon Love's tender story  
    Had vanished in the Long Ago.  
While evermore was silent growing,  
    And lonelier, my rugged way, —  
Hardly the faintest glimmer showing  
    Hope's radiance fading like the day.

Of all that company so splendid,  
    One only steadfast has remained,  
And ever at my side attended,  
    Faithful till Life's last heights are gained :

## Ideals

Thou, Friendship, with thy touch caressing  
And healing every aching wound,  
With health and comfort ever blessing,—  
Thou who wert earliest sought and found.

And thou, the friendly task inspiring  
That helps to calm the soul's fierce strife,  
Thou, Industry, that, never tiring,  
Upbuilds the edifice of Life,  
And on Eternity's foundation  
One atom on another rears,  
Yet from Nature's great obligation  
Cancels the minutes, days, and years.

## CARCASSONNE

[GUSTAVE NADAUD]

‘I’m an old man ; I’m sixty years ;  
I’ve worked hard all my life,  
Yet never have gained my heart’s desire,  
With all my toil and strife.  
Ah, well I see that here below  
There is perfect joy for none ;  
My dearest wish is unfulfilled, —  
I have never seen Carcassonne !

‘The city lies almost in sight,  
Beyond the mountains blue ;  
But yet to reach it one must needs  
Five weary leagues pursue.

## Carcassonne

And then, alas, the journey back !  
I know not how 't were done :  
The ripening vintage fears the frost, —  
I shall never see Carcassonne !

‘T is said that in that favored place  
All days are holidays,  
With happy folks in robes of white  
Passing along the ways ;  
'T is said there are castles there as grand  
As those of Babylon,  
And a Bishop and two Generals there, —  
I shall never know Carcassonne !

‘ The Vicar a hundred times is right, —  
We are weak and foolish all ;  
And in his sermon he teaches us  
That ambition makes men fall. . . .

## Carcassonne

But yet if I could somehow find  
    Two days under Autumn's sun,  
My God ! but I would die content  
    After having seen Carcassonne !

‘ I ask Thy pardon, gracious God,  
    If my prayer offendeth Thee !  
We strive to peer beyond our sight,  
    In age as in infancy. . . .  
My wife and son, they both have been  
    As far as to Narbonne ;  
My godson has seen Perpignan, —  
    And I 've never seen Carcassonne ! ’

• . . . .  
An aged peasant thus complained,  
    Bowed down with toil and care.  
I said to him, ‘ Arise, my friend ;  
    Together we 'll go there.’

## Carcassonne

We set out on the morrow morn ;  
But our journey was scarce begun  
When the old man died upon the road, —  
He had never seen Carcassonne !

## BALLAD OF BOOKS UNBORN

SAD is the fate of him whose books  
Unkind reviewers maim and kill ;  
Whose heartstrings quiver in the hooks  
That show their cold dissecting skill ;  
They work on him their wanton will,  
While all his tenderest hopes are torn :  
But, ah, there 's something sadder still  
In thinking of the books unborn !

The wounded author may find nooks  
Secluded, by some vale or rill,  
Where nevermore the critic rooks  
Can rend him with their inky bill ;

## Ballad of Books Unborn

But, oh, what solace for the ill  
Of hope deferred that waits forlorn  
To feel the parent raptures thrill  
Of books that yet remain unborn !

The would-be author, whose fond looks  
Turn ever to Fame's sunlit hill,  
Chafes at defeat, and sorely brooks  
The fate that makes his triumphs *nil*.  
He loathes the phrase, politely chill,  
'Declined with thanks.' So let him mourn,  
Whose bosom disappointments fill  
For books that never may be born.

### *L'Envoi.*

Princes (who publish books), distill  
Some drops of pity, not of scorn,  
For those poor toilers of the quill  
Whose books are waiting to be born !

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'OLD-WORLD  
IDYLLS'

[A VALENTINE]

A nimble wit, fancy's abundant flow,  
Neatness of touch, an airy *verve* or 'go,'  
Humor and pathos blending smiles with  
tears,

A sympathy with common hopes and fears,  
Sincerity that reinforces art  
With wisdom studied from the human  
heart,—

Such are the gifts and graces that combine  
To lend a charm to Dobson's sparkling  
line.

## A POET AND HIS INTERVIEWER

OUR dear ex-Minister Russell Lowell  
Can't make our modern prospects show well ;  
Thinks all our days are fallen on evil,  
And we are going to the devil ;  
Lamenting like that dubious frump,  
A universalist Mugwump.  
He grumbles at Professor Huxley  
Because he can't tell what makes ducks lay,  
Nor bridge with solid fact the chasm  
'Twixt us and primal protoplasm ;  
He hates to see us merge afar in  
The monkey pedigrees of Darwin,—  
Referring all our powers extensile  
Back to that ancestor prehensile

## A Poet and his Interviewer

Who hung head foremost from the boughs  
And chattered with his ring-tailed spouse.  
All this, and more, our scholar-poet  
( Whose verses never fail to show wit,  
Though now and then a bit pedantic)  
Sets forth at length in 'The Atlantic,'  
With humor keen, and satire drastic,  
And rhyme and metre Hudibrastic.

Yet while he views with grave concern  
Our pedigrees that downward turn  
(Or upward) from a modern flunkey  
Back to a patriarchal monkey,  
There's one thing that he does n't show,  
We'd give up all the rest to know:  
If he were going to air his views  
Of English cronies, would he choose  
For confidant an ape or flunkey —  
An 'interviewer' or a monkey?

## GREETING TO LOWELL

*(A hint to Chicago.)* We welcome to-day  
A visitor who, though but brief be his stay  
In our Western metropolis, yet should  
receive  
A greeting will make him reluctant to leave.  
A sincere, unobtrusive, unforced hospitality  
Will no doubt please him more than too  
great prodigality  
Of attentions, or keeping too much on the  
go,  
Or making too great an exertion to show  
How unique the career of our wonderful  
city,  
Which is still in its infancy (more is the  
pity).

## Greeting to Lowell

Don't pile up statistics,— the schooners and  
brigs

That enter our port, or the number of pigs  
And of cattle and other brutes killed in a  
year;

And especially let us keep well in the rear  
Those two-legged animals that make their  
jaw go,

Incessantly braying the praise of Chicago.

Spare our guest the details of our startling  
chronology,

And stand as we are, without brag or  
apology.

He will find a community, though hard at  
work,

Not engaging *en masse* in the packing of  
pork,

With a few here and there who have even  
inferred

## Greeting to Lowell

There are some things in life that are nobler  
than lard.

We shall find him — but who in our midst  
does not know him ?

If such creature exists, fetch him out, let us  
show him !

No one but a dense and confirmed igno-  
ramus

Could deny that he knew of an author so  
famous ;

Or even if literature set its bar sinister  
On him, he would know our distinguished  
ex-Minister, —

He who at the fashionable Court of St. James  
Moved, a gentleman born, with the lords  
and the dames ;

And while it was not to his taste to geologize  
Among buried scores, yet he did not apolo-  
gize

## Greeting to Lowell

For the plain words he'd said when our  
hearts were all full  
Of anger and bitterness toward John Bull.  
With the whole human race his quick sym-  
pathies ever ran,  
Yet he is, first and foremost of all, an  
American;  
And while his survey is as wide as crea-  
tion,  
He keeps in the foreground the great  
Yankee nation.  
For his country his genius rose highest, and  
glowed  
In his 'Crisis,' and 'Washers,' and memo-  
rial Ode;  
These poems flashed out like a fire in the  
dark,  
And went straight to our hearts as a ball to  
its mark.

## Greeting to Lowell

In prose or in verse, how he makes words  
effectual ;  
What a vigor he has, this athlete intellec-  
tual !  
Then how charming his fancy, how brilliant  
his jest,  
How flashing his wit, in his quips what a  
zest !  
How delicious his humor !—may the mo-  
ment come slow  
When we cease to admire dear old Hosea  
Bigelow.  
As poet and patriot, teacher and scholar,  
His career stands as full and as round as a  
dollar ;  
And clearly among the immortals who  
grace  
American letters, he holds a first place.  
*Nulli secundus* : there always will show well

## Greeting to Lowell

Beside our best names, that of James  
Russell Lowell.

May each year that passes more lightly  
assess him,

And the prayer of our hearts will be ever,  
*God bless him.*

## WELCOME THE PRESIDENT

Not as some conquering Hero comes,  
With noise of trumpet and of drums,  
    And many a battle-scar,  
    And trophies gained in war,—

But in his civic honors great,  
We welcome our Chief Magistrate ;  
    Let banners wave, bands play,  
    And all be joy to-day.

Not to the warrior chief alone  
A people's homage should be shown.  
    New times need leaders new ;  
    Peace hath her victories too.

## Welcome the President

Honor the man whose simple art  
Trusts the good rule, *Act well your part;*  
The man of ready power  
To fit Occasion's hour;

Of steady brain, of tireless hand,  
Of will to work whate'er is planned;  
Of steady purpose true  
His honest task to do.

Such is the man whose simple strength  
Has won the People's heart at length,  
That all with glad intent  
Welcome their President;

And open wide their stores and marts,  
And open wide their doors and hearts,  
And proudly greet the guest  
Of the hospitable West.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

[HYMN FOR THE UNION LEAGUE CELEBRATION,  
CHICAGO, 1887]

Light that led our Fathers' ways,  
Guide us in these later days.

Once again on Freedom's shrine  
Burn the oil and pour the wine.

Pledge the faith of Washington —  
For our Country we are one.

South and North and East and West,  
Patriot zeal fill every breast.

West and East and South and North,  
Fling the Nation's banner forth.

## Washington's Birthday

Discord and dissension cease;  
Liberty and Law increase,

As of old the legend ran,—  
Freedom and the Rights of Man.

Through the Southland's paradise  
To Alaska's realms of ice,

Over Western prairies wide  
To the glad Pacific's side,

Freedom's breath waft sweet perfume  
From Washington's immortal tomb.

Patriots of our happier time,  
Keep the trinity sublime

That in dreams our Fathers saw,—  
Union, Liberty, and Law.

## THE WICKED FISHERMAN

[TO A FELLOW-ANGLER: G. M. M.]

THAT man a perilous course doth keep,  
Swept on like tides of Fundy,  
Who preys, while others pray (or sleep),  
Upon the trout on Sunday.

A prayer or sermon, led by some  
Good psalm-tune like old 'Dundee,'  
His sinful state would more become  
Than catching trout on Sunday.

Has he no dread of what is said  
By pious Mrs. Grundy? —  
'How ever can that wicked man  
Go fishing on a Sunday?'

## The Wicked Fisherman

But there's an angler shrewd as he  
(And craftier could none be),  
Who sets a bait for sinners straight  
That fishing go on Sunday.

Then let him heed his wicked deed,  
Put by his rod till Monday,  
Or he'll be fish for the Devil's dish,  
And served up hot some Sunday.

## VISTAS

[LINES ON A FLY-LEAF: TO M. B. A.]

As one in city streets, amidst the noise,  
The din and tumult of the discordant  
scene,  
Viewing a lovely flower, yearns for the joys  
Of roaming free o'er fields of living  
green,—  
So in my dusty ways of toil and care,  
This book, O Friend, brings to my  
fancy's flights  
Longings for larger quests amidst these fair  
And splendid fields thick blossoming with  
delights.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 971 159 6

